

**PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING**

**VOL. 2--NO. 26**

Take me to my mother," said he, "at last I have

They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried: "he has been shot. It is true. Hans, the little cripple, has saved us. They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face. Hans opened his eyes, and said: "It is now dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true.

—You see he had it for me, though we did not know exactly what it was."

Great emergencies like those which met Hans, cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyroles motto may speak, and all will exclaim:

ence in truth. None need stand useless members of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

**The Spirit Quenched.**

BY REV. J. A. ALEXANDER.

Enshraim is joined to his idols: let him alone.

There is a time, we know not when,  
A point we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men,  
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—  
To die as if by stealth:  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of death.

The conscience may be still at ease;  
The spirits light and gay;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And care be thrust away.

Indelibly a mark,  
Unseen by man—for man as yet  
Is blind and in the dark.  
And yet the doomed man's path below

May bloom as Eden bloomed;  
He did not, does not, will not know  
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels, that all is well,  
And every fear is calmed:

O, where is this mysterious bourn,  
By which our path is crossed?

Beyond which God himself hath sworn,  
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go in sin?  
How long will God forbear?

Where does hope end, and where begin  
The confines of despair!

An answer from the skies is sent—  
"Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent."

And harden not your heart."

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**AUTUMN.**

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BY ALICE CARY.

Through my window shows the stain  
Of the oak, grown redly sore;  
Autumn Frost and Autumn rain,  
Fall a month too soon this year—

Were you sitting near to me,  
Oh my friend, this dreary day,  
Brownest fields would seem to be  
Strewn with speckled ricks and hay

In their yellow caps they stand,  
Down the ridges, two by two,  
Looking very proud and grand,

As if God had made them new,—  
As I should be loved by you.

From its power of biting thorns,  
Will the sweetbriar, break in May.

Like a thousand little morns  
To one round and rosy day?  
Never, with my love away.

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TOLD YOU SO.—Wife, wife! our cow's dead  
A little tanning!

"I told you so—I always know'd she'd choke herself with them turnips!"

"But it was a pumpkin—a darned big one."

"Well, it's all the same. I know'd all along."

"The pumpkin was chopt. And twan't pumpkin, what choked her, 'twas the tray—the end o' it is sticking out of her mouth now."

"Ugh! agh! There goes my bread-tray".  
"longer than yes," I told you the cow would  
swallow that tray."

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\* The Hon. Lewis C. Levis, formerly a member

of Congress from Philadelphia, and at the same time editor of the Philadelphia Sun, has been in a state of insensibility and been conveyed to the Blockley Asylum.

“Dash it, sir,” cried a poor old Major, hearing the amount of the retiring allowances of the Bishops of London and Dublin, “I wish I was an officer on half-pay in the Church Militant.”

what is most unknown.

